

WALLACE SHIPBUILDER



JUNE, 1944



The North Yard's International Armour-plate gang plate the chart house on the after-end of a cargo ship bridge.

There's a little League of Nations at work in the North Yard! Eight men all from different countries, all working on the same job—Armament, all working for the same cause—Victory.

The job of this international gang is 100 per cent defence—defence of our ships—for they mount plastic armour plate around the bridge and gun platforms. And how do they get along, all these nationalities? Listen to what their Chargehand, George Smith, says: "I've never worked with a better, happier bunch of men. We all get along swell and nobody's taken a poke at anybody else yet!"

International Harmony

John Antonovich, Russian, came to Canada after the Great War because living in occupied White Russia was too tough in those days. John likes Canada and best of all he likes Vancouver. He has been East three different times but he always comes back.

Gerrit Louwe—call him Louie—is a Netherlander, born not far from Rotterdam in Holland. Has been in Canada 17 years. Over there he was a herring fisherman but over here it's been salmon—when he wasn't logging or mining. Best of all he likes the shipyard.

Mike Thewchuk, Ukranian, came as a boy to a prairie farm where there was no time for school. But in Europe he had learned Ukranian at school so over here he taught himself to read and write English and Polish and even to read Russian. Now he speaks all four languages well.

Albert Lindfors, Finlander, is a happy sort of fellow. His people in Finland were farmers but over here he has always logged or mined. "He's dance crazy," say the other boys on Armour Plate. Finnish dancing? Well, yes, but waltzing and foxtrotting are his forte.

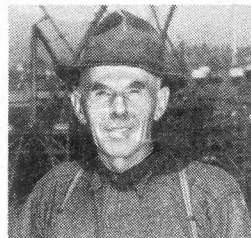
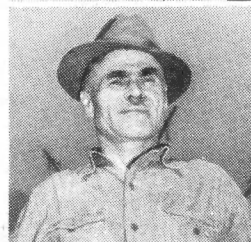
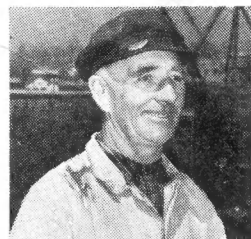


George Smith, Englishman, has been on and around ships all his life. He served in the Navy in both the South African and the First Great War. Came as a bo's'n to this country on the Empress of Australia and liked Canada so well he stayed. His hobby—Victory Gardening.

John Bota, Hungarian, was a prisoner of war in Russia for 45 months during the First Great War—for a solid year of this he was fed only once a day. John is an authority on grape-growing. He should be for Tokay grapes grown in Hungary make one of the world's finest wines.

Jack Thomas, Irishman, is the quietest, unfightingest Irishman you ever did see. He came from County Wicklow 36 years ago. He's been a woodsman, a harvester and a mill-worker. A shipyard is an old story with Jack—worked at it in War I, too.

Bob Ferguson, Canadian, has had training in mechanics but his great love is his 5-acre stump ranch not far from New Westminster. Victory Gardening and raising chickens are his specialty. Bob says he's proud to be the Canadian representative in this meeting place of nations.



The Story of the Stowes

The story of the Stowes is not a thriller. Rather it's the story of fine Canadian life, full of happy ups and not-so-happy downs, justifiable prides and personal sacrifices, family devotion and above all, courage—not so much the big, brave courage surrounded by praise and glory but the quiet, unsung variety that builds national backbone into this country of ours and is the kind of stuff that Empires are made of—a courage that has kept their standard of life high through war and peace, depression and war again. Jack and Jenny Stowe are both Burrard employees—Jack's a guard, Jenny's a Sweeper and a glance back through their years reveals the fact that they met, these two, at an English army canteen during Great War I. Jack was a Princess Pat and Jenny was a Munitions Worker. When Jenny refused to let Jack see her home, he gave her a box of chocolates with his name and address on the bottom of it. Some people would never think of looking underneath a box of chocolates for romance—but our Jenny did! So presently there was a quiet wedding in Leeds—their home town in Yorkshire.

Jack's family had gone from England to the Canadian prairies and he was working on his father's farm when he enlisted in 1914. His military service lasted right through the war — part of it was spent in action with the Princess Pats, part of it as trumpet player in the famous Canadian massed band under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. The memorable highlight of that was the night they played in the Paris Opera House for the Promenade—only the promenaders didn't promenade. "The favorite piece," says Jack, "was *Oh, You Beautiful Doll*. The audience stood up in their seats, threw opera hats in the air and cheered!"

Meantime Jenny's wartime life went on at Barmbow where she was filling eighteen pounders and 4.5's for the artillery. She saw action too—plenty of it—for she was in three explosions. Jenny was none the worse for it though, escaping injury every time. Nor was she one to scare easily—for she comes, you see, from a military family used to danger. She was the first child in the family born out of Barracks and her grandfather was one of the famous Six Hundred in the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Jenny's always been a hard-working home buddy who never seeks the limelight. Once, however, just a few years ago, she got into it by chance. It was the day the late Duke of Kent visited North Burrard. He stopped for a photographer right beside Jenny and spoke to her as his picture was being taken. Then he turned with her and together they walked the length of the block to North Van Ship Repairs . . . chatting chummily all the way!

At the finish of War I, the Stowes set sail for Canada and took up a quarter section in Alberta. They began raising a family. Bad times struck hard on the prairies and after several years they were forced out and came to North Vancouver where Jack worked in a dairy until it went out of business.

Then it was any job he could get and life wasn't easy. But they struggled and worked and saved through the thin years and raised their family of seven—4 boys and 3 girls—raised them successfully and well, and a happier, finer, more co-operative family would be hard to find.



"And don't forget the kippers!" says Jack Stowe as he and Jenny meet between shifts at the Women's Gate to check up on the day's housekeeping needs. Jack's on nights, Jenny days.

Then War II and the Stowes' life changed. Jack and Jenny again answered the call to service—Burrard for both of them. Sid, their second eldest, joined the Air Force, had a short but brilliant career as a bombing Flight Sergeant, was cited for bravery and devotion to duty and is now reported missing. Jack, the next in age, is under R.C.A.F. training in Canada. Ken is at work in North Burrard Machine Shop and the three girls, still going to school, are doing good war work too, by collaborating on the job of housekeeping. Another boy, Reggie, not strong enough for army or industry, is nevertheless doing his bit on a farm. Come war, come peace, the Stowes are *still* a happy family—happy in the belief that their son's sacrifice was not in vain, happy in their service to each other and their country.

Kahana

His name is Kalani but he calls himself Kahanamoku because Kahanamoku means The Boatbuilder in Hawaiian. Kalani was born a Hawaiian and is now a boatbuilder with the South Burrard Steel Crew. So the name fits.

Kalani's boyhood memories are of chasing rainbows along the *koa* slopes of Oahu valleys, of playing on the golden jade-rimmed shores of Waikiki, of native *luaus* (picnics) to gorge on roast pig wrapped in *ti* leaves and cooked in the sand, of riding the white king surf—swift as the wind. But his best-loved memories are of those soft, scented, moon-drenched nights on the *lanai* of his father's plantation house where visiting families gathered to sing native songs and play the ukelele and string guitar. For in all Kalani's life the love of music has come first above all his pleasures.

It's a far cry from the beauty and peace of that Hawaiian pineapple plantation to the hustle and harshness of a Canadian shipyard and a lot of colorful years have gone between—due to that same love of music and the opportunity his father gave him to pursue it. At the age of twenty Earle Kalani, for so he's known in English, was sent to the University of Southern California where he spent all his spare time studying violin with every intention—and later every qualification—to make himself a symphony player. But it was early in the 1920's, just when the rage for Hawaiian music first hit the States, that Kalani saw his future in his own native music. As soon as he received his Bachelor of Arts degree, he stepped right out into show business as musical arranger and player for current Hawaiian shows such as The Goddess of Fire, Honolulu Girls and The Bird of Paradise. That's when he came to Canada—one of the very first native Hawaiians to hit this country. Between shows he played night clubs and vaudeville all the way from here to South America. Once he played the same theatre as Bing Crosby. "He was just one of the rhythm boys in those days" Earle says. "I got more money than he did! But Bing had something—it was charm and an unusual throatiness of voice. I don't think the public has ever heard him at his best, which is in operatic arias." Our Burrard Boatbuilder is pretty good at the classics with his fiddle so he is probably a real judge of Bing's secret talent.

Kalani had quite a fling at movies too, back in the silent days. He appeared with a lot of the big stars. "I played a guitar that nobody heard and draped myself over beaches and around palm trees for atmosphere in tropical pictures," he laughed.



Kahanamoku (The Boatbuilder) aloft the steel racks, hooks on a two ton plate and looks as if he liked it.

Moku

"And I taught Bebe Daniels to play the uke—at eighteen she was the most beautiful girl I'd ever seen."

It was in California that Kalani met the General Manager of Mason and Risch for Canada. He propositioned him to come back to this country and teach Hawaiian music. He did and it wasn't long until he had 150 pupils in London, Ontario, learning the Bouncing Flea, which is what ukelele means in Hawaiian. When the craze for this began to die down, Kalani joined Guy Lombardo's modern music band and later did Ontario with dance bands. Eventually, Kalani and his Montreal boys were playing in the Mandarin Cafe in that city and there's where he met his wife, a Canadian-Chinese girl and a graduate of McGill University. Her father owned the Mandarin. But Earle had his own Montreal night club, the Attic, when Pearl Harbor happened. Word of the killing of three of his family came through. Incensed, he sold out his business, took the train to Regina and enlisted in the Canadian Army. But he was discharged on health grounds after a short time so he started back to his native land. At Vancouver he came up against Government regulations that barred him from the Islands. "And that's how I came to Burrard. I felt it was the next best thing I could do. I'm happy here because I'm really doing something to help lick those Japs who desecrated my country and killed my people. Besides I like battling with the big steel plates and I'm kind of fond of the Old Green Dragon—that's the gas train I work on. I also like my Steel Crew pals. Please say to them, "*Welka kahau hanamoku malihini.*" Which in Earle's language means, "Good wishes to my boatbuilder friends."

The Ways Of Two Welders

Steve and Steve are two Welders at La Pointe Pier. Steve and Steve both have hobbies. Steve keeps fish and Steve keeps bees!

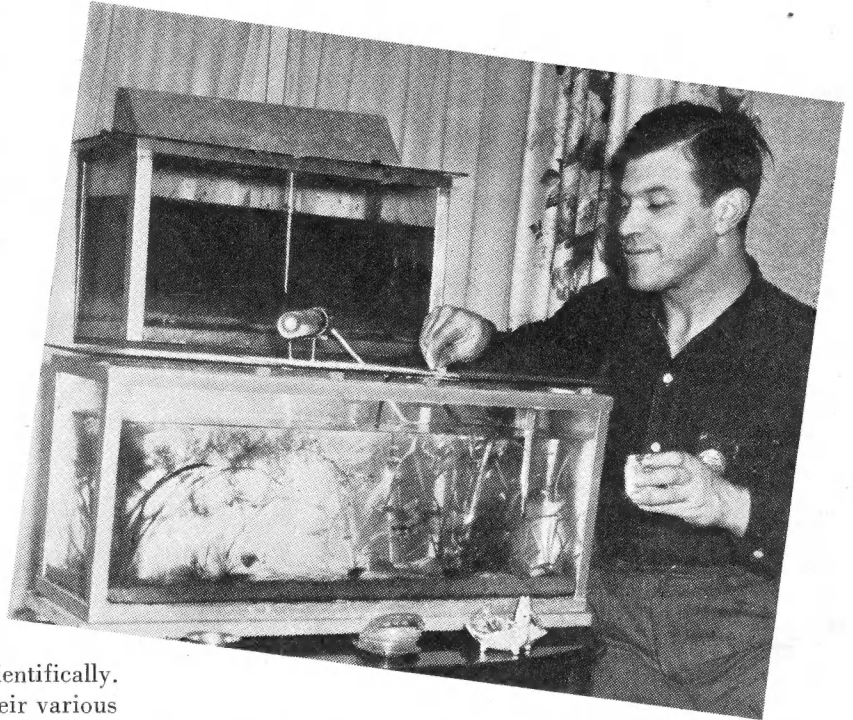
Steve Lozinski is the fish fancier. Oh, he keeps gold fish, eh? *No, he doesn't.* And don't make Steve mad by mentioning anything as ordinary as a gold fish. His fish are anything but ordinary. They're aristocrats, every one. In the lines of Don Blanding they are:

Gay little fishes with painted scales,
Gossamer fins and chiffon tails,
Spattered with jewel dust, stained with dyes,
Gems of jade and jet for eyes,
Striped with orange, smeared with blue,
Dipped in the rainbow's every hue.

Steve lives in a small apartment with his fish—and his wife. His wife thinks she may have to move out any time now for her fish-loving husband already has 18 varieties in the living-room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom and has 45 more species on the way from Florida. Steve goes in for this fish business pretty seriously and scientifically. He's travelled all over the world studying them in their various native pools.

Some of the most interesting fish that wave their chiffon tails around Steve's apartment, are the Bubble Nest Builders or Siamese Fighter Fish. They're not always the same color—

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Steve Lozinski coaxes his brilliant beauties to look pretty, please.

BEE CREWS ARE LIKE SHIPBUILDERS

Steve Magdall, La Pointe Welder Charge Hand, is the beekeeper. "Insects are like men, only they have more sense," he believes. "Take the bee for instance—a man can learn a lot from a bee." Steve takes the bee for instance because after three years of intense study, he really knows whereof he speaks, though he doesn't, he insists, hold himself up as an authority. Steve has three hives now and likens each one to a shipyard gang. They work in crews and every crew has its own particular job.

"There are the comb-builder bees. They're like the Hull Crew. They erect, fit, weld, drill and caulk. The Cleaner bees are like the Sweepers in the Yard. They keep things clean and clear for the rest of the workers. The Carrier bees—some carry only pollen, some nectar, some water—are like the Out-fitting Gangs. And believe it or not they have a Ventilation Crew—bees that fan with their wings to keep the air circulating properly. The Queen bee of course, is the Management. Then there are the Drones and—this is where I think bees are smarter than men—they won't tolerate Drones. Everyone of them goes out on its ear!"

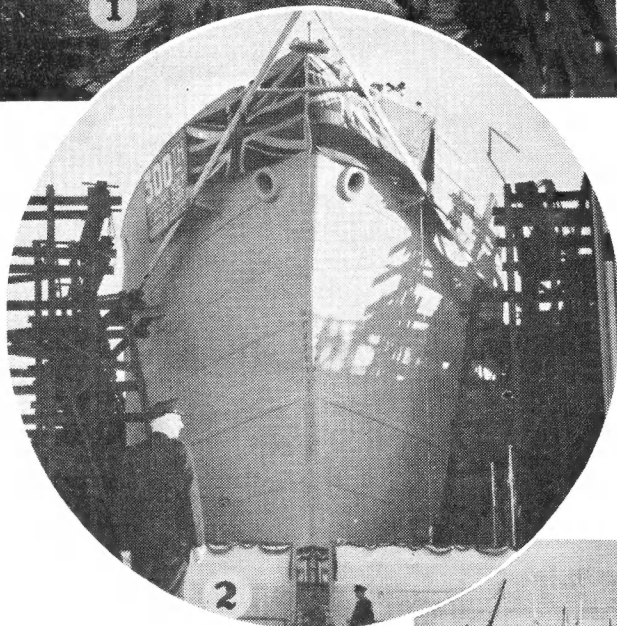
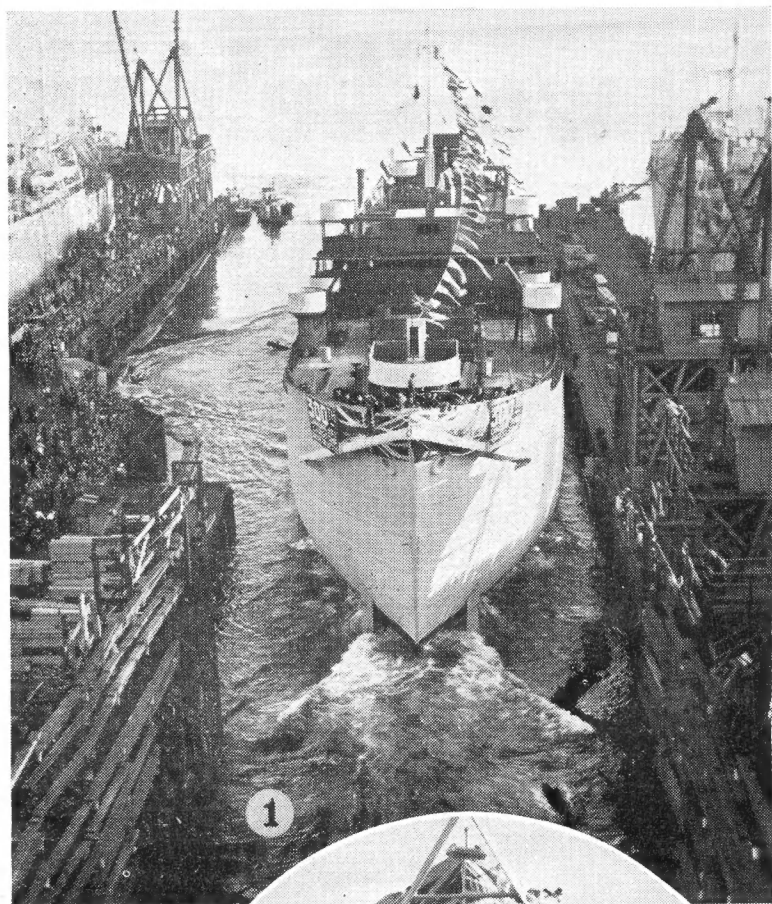
Steve thinks bees are good for a man in more ways than one. "To get along with bees," he says, "you've got to be gentle, patient and keep your temper. If you treat them rough, hurry them or knock them about, they'll go for you—and how! I got mad at them once but I found it didn't pay. They put me to bed for three days!"

Until three years ago, Steve Magdall didn't know a thing about bees but one day in the Library he picked up Maeter-

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Chargehand Steve Magdall checks up on his hive-building crews!



1. As Canada's 300th Victory Cargo Ship moved majestically down the North Yard ways, Yard Photographer Jack Cash, 125 feet above her in a crane skip, was ready with his trusty camera to make this outstanding picture. Nice shot, Jack!

2. On Guard. Frank Arnold, North Yard, stands guard over the proudly dressed prow of the West-end Park as she waits for launching guests and shipping officials to arrive.

3. Party's over! Tugs chug in! Canada's "300th" becomes just another ship to be outfitted and sent on her way to wherever she's needed most to speed the victory.



CANADA'S 300th Victory Ship

Almost simultaneously with the news of the Invasion, Canada's 300th Victory Cargo Ship—Burrard's 85th—was launched in the North Yard.

It was a beautiful launching! The Yard was thrown open to employees, their families and friends and, as they gathered for the ceremony at 8:30 p.m., long evening shadows played across the tall silver-grey prow and flags flew proudly from the fore-peak. North Vancouver Sea Cadets formed a Guard of Honour around the official platform and our own Wallace Pipe Band added color and music to the scene. Our President, Clarence Wallace, in a short address, paid tribute to the work of Burrard Employees and spoke highly of H. R. MacMillan, organizer of Canada's Wartime Shipbuilding Programme. Mrs. MacMillan sponsor, christened the ship and our familiar "214" officially became the West-end Park.

There was a moment's tense silence as the big ship began to move. Then suddenly the Pipe Band struck up *Speed Bonnie Boat* and the crowd broke into cheers.

But beneath the cheers, the music, the glamour and the flags, was the serious consciousness in the minds of those who helped to create her that here was not just another ship, not just another unit built in our own Yard to carry food and equipment to the battle fronts, but a symbol ship whose proud lines and strong hull seemed to carry down the ways with her a staunch promise of greater effort and continued strength until . . . Victory.

North Yard Inventor



Bill Casperie demonstrates his welding rod joining machine.

Bill Casperie, North Yard Electrician, stood in front of a huge pile of welding rod ends in the East Gantry one day, looking very puzzled and grieved. He gathered up those ends, weighed them, jotted down 250 pounds, shook his head disapprovingly and went on about his business—which was looking after the unionmelt amplifiers and transformers. Some days later he went to his foreman. He had two 16 foot Unionmelt rods in his

hand—they were pared down at one end, holed out at the other. He fitted the pared end into the hole and put both rods on the machine. It fed perfectly!

The result of that first experiment is not only a 9 per cent saving of each Unionmelt welding rod but a wear and tear saving on the machine itself. For now the run of the rod is continuous, there is no stopping and starting of the machine, no pulling of the rod through the jaws of the holder.

In conjunction with Jack Alexander of the Machine Shop, Bill has made a machine for the cutting and boring of rods. It can turn out 100 rods in 20 minutes!

Safety Jingle Winner

The Five Judges of the Safety Jingles this month gave First Prize for this rhyme to:

Ernie Pickel, Pipe Shop, La Pointe Pier.

*Here lies the body of Samuel Blain,
Who chanced to drive 'neath a swinging crane.
Sam got himself under and nearly across
But he and his truck were a total loss.
The sexton softly tolled his knell,
Speeding Sam's short way to . . . well!
If he'd only stopped to look and listen,
He'd be here now instead of missin'.*

A photograph of an Aircraft Carrier, beautifully framed, has been sent to Ernie. Come on Everybody! Send in your jingles for July.

Too bad, South Yarders, that your Noon-hour Concert on June 9 was too late to have pictures made for our June issue. Congratulations to those responsible—Spinner Hall and Angus Harley. And congratulations to your splendid talent—Russ White, Bob McCourt, Bill Wisbey, Jan Nicola, George Boone, Charlie Harris, Ruth Ross and the Boys of the Orchestra. Hope the Concert resulted in a big collection of magazines and newspapers for the Salvage.

First Mother: "Has your son learned anything at the Shipyard?"

Second Ditto: "Yes. He can now open a beer bottle with a half dollar."

TREASURER'S REPORT NORTH YARD'S BOWLING LEAGUE

Prize Money from Men's League	\$1,671.62
Prize Money from Mixed League	686.85
Fees from Members, 358 at \$1.00 each	358.00
Tickets Sold for Banquet	1,012.00
Refund from Floor Show	5.00

\$3,733.27

EXPENSES

Prize Money for Men's League	\$1,049.70
Prize Money for Mixed League	493.25
Salary for Les Green, Secretary	200.00
Salary for Bill Morris, Treasurer	50.00
Salary for Ellinor Wiles, Typist	25.00
Membership Fees for 60 Teams in Vancouver 5 Pin Association	60.00
Prize Money for Xmas Draw	153.00
Cheque to South Yard from Last Season	26.00
Paid to DeLuxe Alleys for Play-offs for Games, Scorekeepers and Foul Line	18.10
Steward & Sons for Cleaning and Engraving Cups and Shields	20.60
Banquet Expenses (Total)	1,572.50
Miscellaneous Items for Stamps, Stationery, Refunds for Banquet Tickets, etc. and Premium on Bond for Treasurer	27.27

\$3,695.42

Balance for Season\$37.85

For The Love Of The Irish

This personal letter from General B. L. Montgomery is one of Bob Flood's most treasured possessions. Bob is a South Yard Nut and Bolt Sorter. He's also an Irishman and a poet. When he left Ireland as a young lad, the last thing he saw was the sun setting on the hills of Donegal. When he returned from overseas, he saw it again and wrote this:

THE HILLS OF DONEGAL

*The day is done: a
tropic sun*

*Sinks in a tropic sea,
Whole God-made col-
ours bloom and
blend*

*In God-made har-
mony.*

*Each vagrant breeze
That sweeps the
seas*

*Comes laden with
perfume;
The deathless fire of
heart's desire
Glow in each gor-
geous bloom.*

County Donegal is the family home of the famous General who often speaks, it is said, of boating on Lough Foyle in the shadow of the hills. So, one day last fall, Bob sent a published col-

lection of his verse, called *Rough Times and Other Rhymes*, to Montgomery in Italy. *The Hills of Donegal* appears in this book and "Monty" apparently appreciated both the verse and the gesture for acknowledgement came back without delay.

Bob's book has sold well and the Milk for Britain Fund receives every cent of the proceeds.

Bob won honourable mention in *The Sun* Poetic Contest last winter.

*Eight Army
Italy*

21 xu 45

Thankya for your letter and

"Rough Times and Other Times"

*I read them with great
enjoyment*

*Your interest in this Army
activities is appreciated. The
Canadians in this Army are
doing sterling work*

Good luck to you

*B. L. Montgomery
General
Fifth Army*

» » » Crews



John Edmondson drills fear-lead seats on the after-end of a North Yard Victory Ship. What Archie Harris, Assistant Forman Driller, is watching so intently, we wouldn't know.

Our Victory Ship is still on the ways. If we don't get along with her, the blasted war'll be over before we get her afloat. So this time we cover four departments—Burners, Drillers and Reamers, Riveters, Caulkers and Chippers. Come on, you guys, do your stuff!

At the elbow of every department at work on the hulls, is a Burner. He can be termed a free-lance or "everybody's nigger," according to the mood, for he's here, there and everywhere doing everything everybody asks him to. A Burner is a busy boy! He trims plates for the Fitter, burns ventilator holes for the Shipwrights and Sheet Metal Workers, bevels butts for the Welder, burns port holes for the portlights, makes ready the stoppers for the Caulkers and does 101 other burning jobs in-between.

Automatic Burning has been touched on in previous articles. But the Hand-Burner, like the welder, is something of an artist. His extreme accuracy in cutting, calls not only for a steady hand and eye but for perfect adjustment of his cutting flame.

The Burner's torch is attached to two long hoses leading from two manifolds—acetylene provides the flame, oxygen creates the heat. The gases mix in a mixing chamber on the handle of the cutting tool and escape through a circle of pre-heat holes in the tip of the torch. They are controlled through two small valves. One gas is no use without the other. The acetylene provides the pre-heat flame in combination with the oxygen. After the pre-heat is established on the metal, the cutting jet on the tool is opened and oxygen applied to the melted edges of the plate. The oxygen, forced in a pure stream

at high pressure through a centre hole in the torch-tip and controlled by a trigger on the tool, causes combustion in the subject plate, blows aside the molten metal and with the progressive movement of the torch effects what is known as the kerf—in other words, the cut. By the setting of the gas pressures, practically any reasonable thickness of metal can be penetrated. A good burner handles his torch as cleverly as an artist wields his brush.

Now a Victory Ship is full of holes. The Driller helps to put them there! He begins right at the bottom of the shell with what they call docking plug-holes, which can be opened to train the tanks any time the ship is in drydock. As you know, all plates that go into a Victory Ship are already punched for rivets. The frames, too, that form the ship's ribs, have also been punched except where the seams of the plates join them. Here they are left blank for until the plates are faired or pulled together and squared by the shipwrights, there is no way of gauging exactly where those holes should be. To make certain of this, the driller places his drill tool through the hole in the plate and bores right through into the frame.

This drilling of landing-holes in the shell, is perhaps one of the biggest parts of the Driller's work but there are, nevertheless, thousands of other holes that are to be but aren't until the driller puts them there—if you know what we mean. Driller groups are designated to practically every other department in the Yard—Shipwrights, Joiners, Electricians, Blacksmiths, Pipefitters, Plumbers, etc.—and follow them through every stage of their work. They are working, in fact, until the ship is practically ready to make her Trial Run.

Now come the Reamers. Their business is to go ahead of the Rivetting gangs, ream out and countersink the already punched holes where rivets are to be driven. All plates and frames, you will remember, are punched according to template markings before they leave the Plate and Angle Shops. Those previously punched holes are made 1-16 larger than the actual rivet, for a heated rivet expands. But in order to get two corresponding holes exact with each other, the reamer must ream them out so that they fair up with each other.

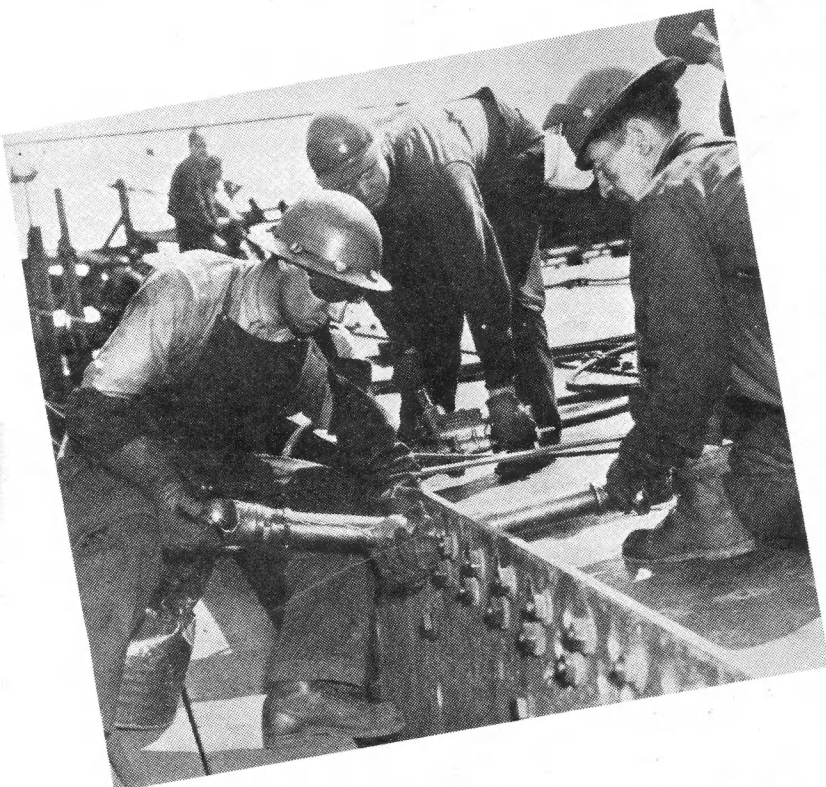
Rivet holes in all watertight work such as shell, decks, or any other part of the ship exposed to weather, are countersunk or coned out so that rivets are flush and watertight when driven into them.

Reamers begin the cleaning and reaming process in those alternate holes left empty by the Bolter-ups. The Riveters then drive into these holes, after which the Reamers remove the bolts from the remaining holes and, again in advance of the Riveters, proceed with their cleaning and reaming.

The Riveters' first job is to join the splices of the pre-fabricated centre vertical keel and from there, they too follow the natural sequence of the ship—bottom shell plate seams, floors, intercostals, bulkheads, frames, shell plates, deck beams, beam knees and deck plates.

Complete Victory Ship Hull

Approximately 300,000 rivets go into one Victory Ship and 99 per cent of those rivets are in when the ship hits the water. Only one rivetting crew follows through to the outfitting berths to complete the boiler room and engine room casings after engines and boilers are installed. Several sizes of rivets are used but for the most part they are $\frac{7}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch.



A North Yard Rivetting Gang go to work on a cargo ship gun'ale bar. Rivetter Jack Baumgartner, Holder-on John McCulloch, Reamer Tom Canich.

The success of a Rivet Gang depends entirely on the cooperation and harmony that exists between the individuals. "It's a mighty important unit in a shipyard," one Rivet Foreman tells us, "but no one member of it is any more important than another. In fact, a Rivet Gang is like a ball team and if one member is away the team can't play ball." The team consists of a Heater, a Passer, a Holder-on and a Rivetter.

The Rivetter can't drive until the Heater, the Passer and the Holder-on have the rivet in place. The Heater's job is to see that the rivet he tosses, holds the exact intensity of heat it needs to soften it. Watching him you might think he does it by instinct but there's more system to it than that. His rivets are placed in a circle beneath the glowing coke so he knows by position just how long it has been there. When it's ready he pulls it out with long tongs, tosses it to a Rivet Passer who catches it adeptly in a cone-shaped bucket and sets it, again by the means of tongs, in the hole. The Holder-on places his gun against it and the Rivetter on the other side of the plate, sets his gun going and flattens it into place. Heaters and Passers get pretty accurate at tossing and catching. They have to be—

for one bad toss or catch with a "red-hot" and somebody's likely to get hurt. Many of the Burrard Passers are girls and, according to the foremen of both Yards, they're doing a difficult job well.

Following the Rivet Gangs are Rivet Testers and before the Gang moves from one berth to another each rivet driven must have the okay of the tester.

All the bolting-up and rivetting in the world, won't of course, make a ship watertight. That's up to the Caulkers. When a North Yard foreman tells it, it sounds simple! "We just split the edge of the overlapping plate and drive the inside edge against the shell." For this job the Caulker uses one tool, a dull, chisel type which does both jobs. It splits when used one way and sets when reversed. This tool goes with the Caulker into practically every nook and cranny of the ship for no water must be allowed to escape—either *in* from the sea or *out* from the tanks. There are places, however, where the Caulker needs more than his caulking tool to beat the leaks. Where the plate seams cross a watertight bulkhead on the bottom shell, stoppers must be used. Sometimes they are welded stoppers but for the most part they are just strips of red-leaded hemp rope. Manholes in tanktops call for water and oil-resisting gaskets and, where the odd leaky rivet is to be caulked, a special tool is used known as the bobbing tool. This fits close around the point of the rivet and drives down the edge with pneumatic power. It's also used on all countersunk head rivets which are used in watertight work.

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Jimmy Dunn and John Leith, making watertight the forepeak of a North Yard hull. Jimmy is caulking a seam on the forepeak shell while John sets up rivets on the forefoot peak with a bobbing tool.



Bessie Newstead, dustproof in North Yard Respirator.

Shipyard Counter-Attack

War or no war there's always an invasion on industry—an invasion of bugs, germs, fumes and foreign elements. They ambush themselves in sawdust, insulation, paint spray, emery dust, rust and all kinds of other places and lie in wait to attack the worker when he least expects it. But Burrard is successfully counter-attacking these mur-

derous battalions with respirator equipment and according to those who use it consistently, it's a life saver.

Bessie Newstead, Second Shift Sweeper on North Yard ships, for instance, wears one whenever she's sweeping up fine sawdust or insulation dust. "It's light and comfortable to wear and I feel 100 per cent better since I've been wearing it."

Then there's Lillian Cripps, Machine Shop Specialist, who says she'd rather lose her job than her respirator. "I wear it every time I work on the silicon carbide wheel and the steel dust—bad stuff in lungs—doesn't get past the filter. I take good care of it, believe me, and take it to the Safety Department every week for sterilization, new filter and general check-up."

Welders John Hudson and Reg Jones, are pretty sold on them too. John wears his when he's welding on galvanized pipe or whenever he goes into tight corners. "It swallows the fumes like nobody's business," he declares, "is comfortable under my hood because the filter discs and valves allow for lots of air."

Reg says he's been welding for 34 years. "In the early days we used to wear wet gauze and cotton strapped across our face. It did the trick but was uncomfortable and called for constant changing. Welding's a good job if you take care of yourself and one of the best ways that I know of doing it is to wear your respirator."

The Safety Department of North Burrard has a complete line of respirators—different types for different jobs. They're too many and too complicated to explain. The thing is they do a thorough job of health protection. The Safety Boys say, "If you need it come and get it!" They'll fit it, adjust it, service it and see that you're satisfied.

STEVE MAGDALL

(Continued from Page 5)

linck's *Life of a Bee* and looked into it. It so fascinated him that he took it home and read it from cover to cover. Then he read everything else he could get his hands on pertaining to bees, kept Government Apiaries busy answering questions and when he thought he knew enough to go into it properly, he got a hive of his own. He's building up all the time and is now properly scientific about the whole thing.

CREWS COMPLETE VICTORY SHIP HULL

(Continued from Page 9)

Caulkers and Chippers are verbally coupled like beer and pretzels and, though their work is similar, it does differ. The Chipper's job is to chip off all overhanging bits and edges of steel, smooth off rough surfaces, V-out plate butts for welding and scarph the ends where two or three pieces must be tapered off to mortise in a neat joint. Unlike Brother Caulker, the Chipper will be found down on the outfitting berth, fitting doors, removing the remains of Welders' tacks, smoothing out rough spots for various departments.

Our Victory Ship is now faired, bolted, welded, burned, drilled, reamed, rivetted, caulked, chipped and tested. Once she's launched, she'll stand against the Seven Seas—against the enemy, too—she's proved that again and again!

Next issue we'll go back to the Shipwright Boys and get them to tell us the story of launching.

STEVE LOZINSKI

(Continued from Page 5)

sometimes pale, sometimes green or blue or red, all according to their mood. They have fancy tails. As soon as the female lays her eggs, the male snatches them up in his mouth, one by one, forms a bubble around them and blows them to the top of the water. Aside from that, the male's favorite pastime is fighting, and when two males get together, they fight to the death. Steve learned that through bitter experience. When he first got them he put seven males in one tank with glass partitions between them. But a glass partition is nothing to a mad Fighter Fish! They wiggled the partitions loose and when Steve got home his seven bubble blowers were dead.

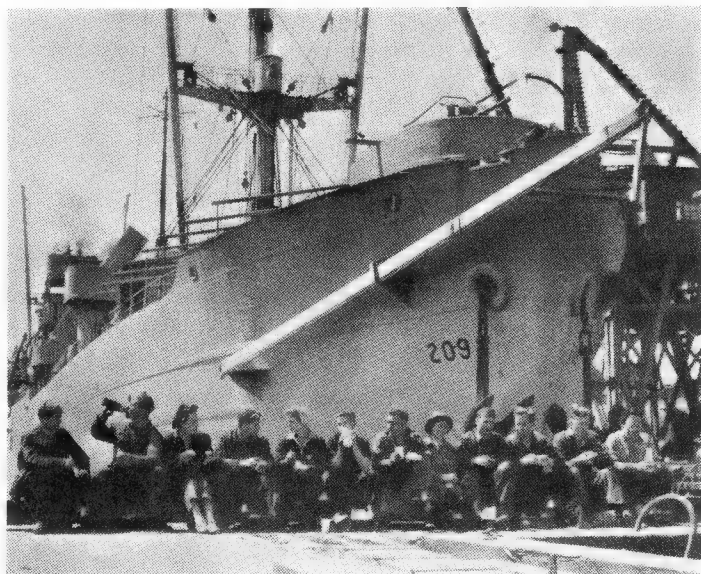
His Black Midnight Mollies on the other hand, are friendly little fellows. They belong to the Life-bearing Mollienesia group and are velvet-black, some with orange edge on tail and fin. They're flashy, lively and curious and when their boss puts his hand into the tank, they'll swim right into it.

Then there are the Mouth-breeders who play ball with their eggs, tossing them back and forth to each other. Finally the female keeps them in her mouth until they hatch out. The mouth of the mother fish is then the home of the young fry and they swim in and out of it until they are old enough to take care of themselves.

There are many more varieties in Steve's tanks and he says they all have their different characteristics and habits. For some he has paid as high as \$15 a pair. These fancy fish of Steve's are epicureans when it comes to food. Their favorite dish is little white worms which their breeder provides for them in a worm culture, "And that is kept in the basement, no fooling!" says Mrs. Steve. They are also very fond of mosquito larvae which Steve gathers from Beaver Lake on Sundays. In the absence of these delicacies they eat dried meat and liver and other forms of prepared fish food. They also go for their spinach in a big way!

As the habitat of these fish is the lukewarm stagnant pools of hot countries, Steve keeps the water at a certain temperature, tests it frequently for acidity and makes the necessary adjustments. The water is really never changed. Water plants take care of the oxygen supply and the scavenger fish—pretty little golden things that stay quietly at the bottom all the time—keep it pure by eating all food that would otherwise pollute the tanks.

After the war is over, Steve hopes to go to the jungle swamps of South America to study fish in their native haunts.



Folks On The Back Cover!

Magazine covers have their special specifications just like ships. That's why some of our North Yard boys and girls in the lunch time picture on the back page are missing. But here they all are! From left to right: Arnold Motz, Caulker; Paul Zapp, Welder; Betty Russell, Temporary Lights; Alex Pasholko, Welder; Kay Cuinyk, Pipe Shop; Bob Brideson, Welder; Archie Perry, Shipfitter; Mandana Johnson, Temporary Lights; James Summers, Pipe Welder; Andrew MacDicken, Pipefitter; Lawrence Bredy, Sheet Metal; Charlie Bain, Temporary Lights.

The result of Tom Tothill's Billiard story in the last issue was a match and exhibition game in North Vancouver—Tothill versus Sid Beech, Western Champion and Tothill versus Tat Larsen, North Shore Champion. The result of the exhibition was the formation of a North Yard Committee of foremen—Blacksmith Bob Simpson, Joiner Len Morgan and Hull Superintendent George Matthews—to work up interest in forming a North Yard team. The result of that team—they hope—will be to beat the South Yard Team! On your toes, South Yard!

Spanish classes under direction of Louie Louis are going on apace. Between 30 and 40 Burrardites have been attending regularly twice a week and Louie's quite pleased with their progress.

Jimmy Blevings, La Pointe Foreman Plater, and Violet McKenzie, Foreman Plater's Clerk, are to be married the twenty-fourth of this month. If they get along as well in private life as they have in shipyard life they'll live happy ever after! We all wish you that happiness, Vi and Jim.

The Cover

Leo Rodrigue, North Yard Burner, is at work on the bulwark plate burning out the hole for the spring mooring chock of a Burrard Victory Ship.

Experienced or Inexperienced Musicians wanted! Any girl interested in joining the All-girl Orchestra, come to the Seamen's Club on Tuesday, June 20, 7.00 p.m. Instruments supplied and Archie Clark will give lessons if necessary. Auditions for soloist will be held that night too. For more information telephone the South Yard—Dorothy Hargreaves, Orchestra Manager.

Another Burrard Yard making a good record with regard to Eye Safety, is La Pointe. Eye injury frequency rate for every 100 workers has been consistently good from the start and in April was only 7.2.

Doreen Hamel, North Yard Sheet Metal Helper, and Bert Love were married on June 9. The Sheet Metal Gang and other friends in the Yard presented Doreen with a beautiful chenille bedspread. Sorry you're not coming back, Doreen, and good luck to you both!

Assistant Pipe Shop Foreman, South Yard, Harry Madden, is the father of a baby girl, Margaret Eleanor Madden.

Seems that a lot of Burrardites have kept their monthly copies of *Wallace Shipbuilder*. Now they want to have them bound. Clarke & Stuart, Stationers and Bookbinders, 550 Seymour Street, have given a special price of \$2.75 for a volume of 12 copies—May, 1943 to April, 1944. These will be attractively cloth-bound with lettering and dates. Just take your magazines there. If some copies are missing the Magazine Office can supply most of them.

More Garden Hints

Erne Kelly, North Yard Pipe Fitter, has a trick for keeping bugs and flies away from tomatoes. He plants marigolds—the small smelly variety—close to his tomatoes and the pungent odor from them scares away the tomato pests.

Erne has another smart secret that keeps bugs and flies off cabbages, too. It's lettuce, planted rather thick, close by the cabbage. The laudanum in the lettuce shoos the pests off.

Come on Victory Gardeners! Give us some more hints!

Thanks from the girls of the La Pointe Softball Team to the boys of the La Pointe Hockey Team for the swell cheque, ear-marked to help out with softball equipment. The girls want the boys to know that they've already put it to good account and are going to do well by it.

Get This!

Please try to get this into your heads, boys and girls, once and for all. We've had it pounded into ours till it aches. Alma Fridulin and George Tomlinson, tool guardians for the North Yard, say it's right this time and we'd better make a photostat as we'll probably never get it that way again!

If you lose or find tools on piers, ways, dry dock or alleys in the North Yard, contact *Temporary Lights*. If you lose or find them in any of the Shops, go to the *Lost and Found Department* in those Shops. If you lose or find jewelry and personal belongings go to the *Guard's Office*.

Bill Oliver, Pipefitter Foreman at La Pointe Pier, is to be married next month.

What Goes on

Hard Puncher Ryan

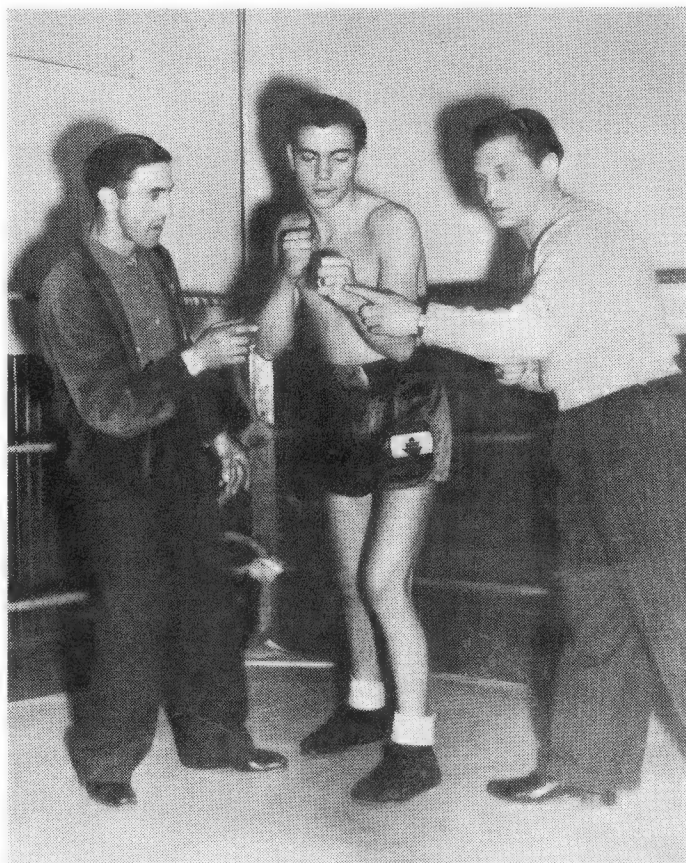
Eddie Ryan is a boxer and a La Pointe Shipwright. He's close to 30 and as good-looking as they come in spite of a broken nose—which as a matter of fact only adds to his fighter appeal.

Eddie's made a big name for himself with the gloves. Indeed he was Manitoba's Amateur Bantamweight Champion at the age of 15. He's been a professional since 1933 and has always been known as a hard puncher who wins most of his fights by knockouts. He won against Al Spina, the Pacific Coast Featherweight Champion and fought a ten round draw with the famous Santos Hugo, one of the outstanding featherweights of the world.

Our Burrard punch artist quit the ring two years ago and has since been doing a swell job of coaching for the Wallace War Workers' Boxing Club at the Seamen's Club. Merchant Marine boys too, if they're interested, can train with Eddie or Tommy Poanessa who is co-coach with Eddie at the Club. They've got some pretty promising youngsters coming along, they say. There's Gordon McCrinkle, who's just about one of the most outstanding young boxers in town right now. He defeated Nino Barchillo who's a well-known hard-hitting fighter. Then there's Mel Orser, 17-year-old heavyweight. He's sure following in Eddie's footsteps. He's had three fights and won them all by knockouts!

Both Eddie and Tommy get a great kick out of the work they do for the Club. "To be a good boxer," says Eddie, "you've got to think and step fast. To think fast you've got to have self-confidence and to step fast you've got to have a good body. Training in the ring builds both. That's why it's worth while."

Oh, that broken nose of Eddie's! Well, he's lost track of the number of times it's been broken, which is all in the life of a boxer. But the smash that's keeping him out of the ring and the army today, came in the Spina fight. Eddie'd had his nose broken the night before he was to meet Spina but he



Tommy Poanessa (left) and Eddie Ryan (right) show Gordon McCrinkle how it should be done. "Gordie learns almost as fast as we can teach him," Eddie says.

went into the ring just the same and got it broken again. He won the fight and knocked Spina for a loop. Eddie, the dope, won't lie down!

A Heave And A Ho!

Here are the South Yard Tug o' War boys (left), with new test and practise equipment, invented and built by the fellows themselves. Jim Andrews, Rigger Foreman and Ronnie Yuill, Draftsman, were the master minds that finally put the ingenious contraption together. It's simple enough once it was worked out—just a hoist that weights of any poundage can be attached to and it can be used to test the pulling power of both individuals and team.

Our musclemen are getting bigger and better every day as a result of it and the next time they meet the Police Team they won't be content, they say, to give them the best pull they ever had. They're gonna pull 'em over when they meet them again on July 1.

There's a plan afoot to visit Victoria on July 29 and show the Capital City just what they can do; Good luck fellas!

She's A Life Saver

The Burrard Swimming Class for girls is a great success. With Jean Donaldson and Harley Hornsby instructing, it couldn't help but be, for they're both title holders!

Harley's story you already know. Now a word about Jean. To begin with she's won 16 cups and 60 medals, several British Columbia Championships and a Canadian backstroke speed record—50 yards in 32 2-5 seconds. Most of us can't



Angus Harley, Coach (at left) putting South Yard Tug-o'-War Team through a drill: Tommy Sim, Dave Rattray, George Kellerman, Herb Asserlind, Stan McNabb, Terry Power, Bill Hynd and Bill Lihou, Anchorman. Not in the picture are two others on the team: Jack MacDonald and Lou Flood.

in the Sports World of Burrard

go that fast frontwards, let alone backwards! Her backstroke is said by authorities to be perfect and she gets her speed, she explains, not through the regular kick but by a rotary, propeller-like movement of her feet.

Jean is also a member of the Empire-wide Royal Life Saving Society and one of a girls' inhalator crew. As a result of this training she has saved many a life. "People don't often drown," Jean says. "Death by drowning is caused in most cases, not by water in the lungs as most people think, but by fright."

The Burrard swimming instructor believes everybody can learn to swim in a reasonably short time if they will first

learn to relax. "If you're not relaxed you're stiff and if you're stiff you're sunk—literally! Relax and you *can't* sink."

An expert swimmer, however, according to Jean, is born, not made. To be a champ you must have big shoulders. Jean has 'em!

Up-to-Date Standing of North Yard Bowlers Spring League

"A" DIVISION		Won	Lost	Points
Tin Shop Snipers	15	6	19
Bumblers	12	9	16
Circuit Breakers	12	9	15
Air Gunners	10	11	15
Metal Stickers	10	11	14
Unreliables	9	12	12
Ramblers	9	12	12
Terrible Five	7	14	9
High Single Game—T. Knox (Terrible Five)				368
High Three Games—T. Stevenson (Tin Shop)				863
High Average—T. Stevenson (Tin Shop)				231

"B" DIVISION		Won	Lost	Points
Crane Operators	17	4	23
Pick Ups	15	6	21
Marine Fitters	13	8	17
Specialists	11	10	15
Drill Busters	9	12	12
Screwballs	8	13	9
Hasbeens	6	15	8
Drift Pins	5	16	7



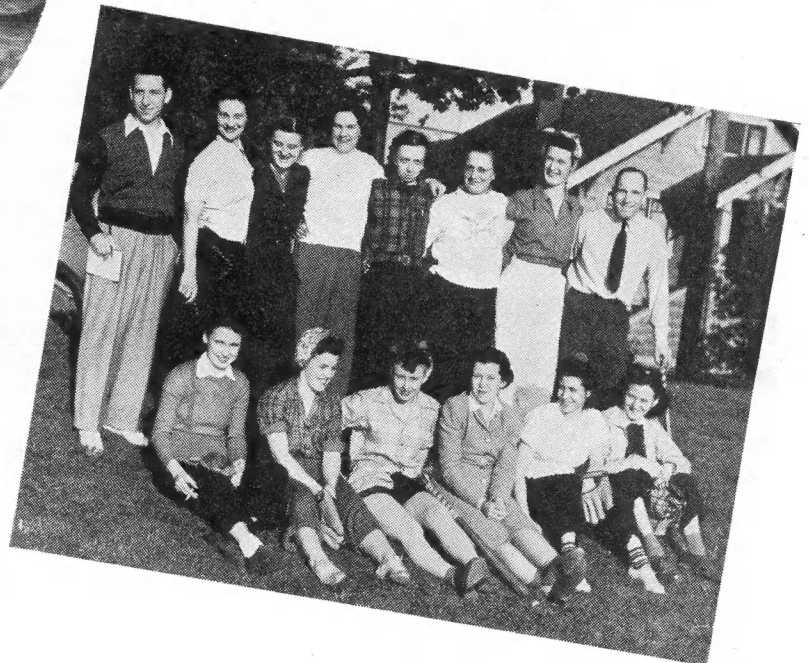
La Pointe Swimming Class girls watching a stunt. The girls are: Fredda Kendall, Shipwright's Helper, Charlotte Christopher, Pipe Shop Helper, Jean McKenzie, Passer, Lillian Dixon, Pipe Shop Lagger, Muriel Shaw, Pipe Shop Lagger, Mary Juwick, Temporary Lights Electrical Shop, Rose Lounsbury, Fitter.

Inset: Jean Donaldson was giving a demonstration of excellent swimming when the staff photographer caught her.

Next time you see the La Pointe Grads Women's Softball Team, they will be wearing their smart new uniform, navy blue shirts with team name in gold on the back, navy blue slacks with gold piping. Here they are from left to right: Standing—Johnny Coggins, Manager, Gladys Bratten, Anne Vatnsdal, Phyllis Lowdell, Eva Hedley, Captain, Clara Cowie, Frances Spears, Bob Patner, Coach. Sitting: Joan Bayley, Pearl Shakowsky, Nora Kingsley, Nell Hulme, Women's Superintendent, Etta Thompson, Marion Flaxman.

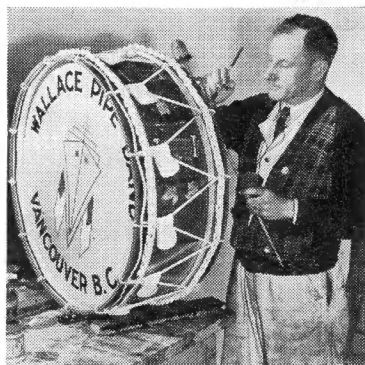
In fourteen days I earn my pay,
In less, much less it fades away.
No fun till payday seems a shame,
I feel our Government's to blame.
The cost of living has a ceiling,
It's the cost of loving I'm appealing.

—Cecil Henderson, Welder Improver, South Yard.



Here and There Around the

Bampton Beautifies Big Base Drum



George Bampton, North Yard Painter, is seen here putting a few finishing touches to the Wallace Pipe Band's big base drum. George created and painted the drum design recently and drummer Johnny Melville says it's the handsomest drum it's ever been his privilege to thump.

The drawing includes maple leaves in natural autumn colors, a 10,000 tonner on the dry dock and an artistic scroll done in gold leaf.

George, you see, is a painter of more than ordinary ability. He's a sign artist by profession and everything of that nature you see in the North Yard—name boards, tank-sounding boards, safety hats and special signs for things like Victory Bond Drives, etc., everything with letters—is his handiwork.

Our sign painter began his life work as a scenery painter's helper in the old Empress Theatre years ago and later attached himself to a sign painter. For a long time all he was allowed to do was break up lead and clean out paint pots. "But one day the boss was away," George relates, "and one of the markets wanted a sign in a hurry with a cow painted on it. I sat up most of the night doing what I thought was a work of art and I delivered it first thing in the morning. The manager looked at it seriously and then wrote a cheque right away. 'It's well worth the money,' he said solemnly, 'It's a very rare cow!' I'd placed the udder *amidships* instead of aft!"

Congrats to Billy and Betty Brookes. Their first son, Kenneth William, arrived on May 11. Mama and Papa Brookes are very proud of their 9 pound, 5 ounce boy. Billy is a North Yard Machinist and Betty, before her marriage, was one of the Sheet Metal Ventilator Crew. She was one of the first 10 women to be employed at North Burrard. She loved her Sheet Metal job but she likes this one better!



The picture (below) shows the new 4000 volt feeder cable from Number 1 Power House to the North Burrard Dry Dock which has recently been laid down. And some job, that! The cable 4 conductor, 400,000 C.M's, lead-covered and armoured is 1000 feet long and weighs 14,600. Sig Peterson, Electrician Foreman was in charge of installation. Dan McGrath is the man by the cable. Dora Greer is seen keeping in touch by phone with Dry Dock.

Andy Fawcett, Heater in the South Yard, was seen passing around cigars to all the Rivet Gang on May 15, the occasion being the birth of his son, Andrew William. "Ah, another Passer Boy!" exclaims Foreman Percy Ballard. Andy says it won't be long now for young Andy is coming along fast.

Arnold Motz strutted—yes, that's the word—into the North Yard Editorial Office, puffing happily on one of his own cigars. Why not? He's the proud papa for the first time, of an 8 pound, 10 ½ ounce baby—Wayne Wilfred, born May 31.

Thomas (Happy) Armstrong, South Yard Welder, has a fine son, Thomas Wayne Armstrong—the first child after 12 years.

Perce Anderson was showing the South Yard Second Shift their regular Monday night movie. "Sicily, Key to Victory," was on the screen and all was silent as the gang watched a crowd of Canadian boys resting after battle. One soldier was plucking feathers from a big white chicken. "There's my brother, Walter!" came the surprised voice of Jack Beaucamp, Charge Hand Stager. Another voice in the audience called, "That's Walter, back at his old tricks—always after chickens." Walter has been overseas three years and is doing a good job with motor transport.

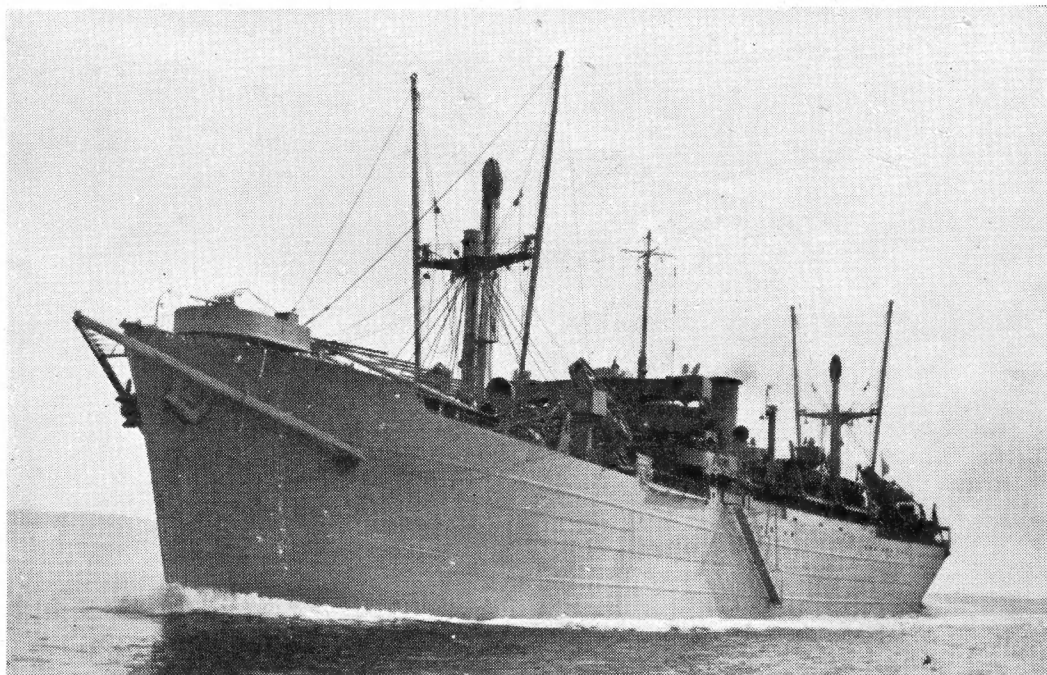
Dick Elworthy, Assistant Foreman Shipwright, isn't a pearl diver but he's a muscle eater—which amounts to the same thing in his case. He found two pearls in his last dish of muscles—one as large as a pea, the other the size of a pin head. The large one was perfect in tone and shape. Dick, by the way, is particularly happy these days. His son Terrence, second mate on a cargo ship and just married to an Air Force girl, is home on honeymoon leave, and his daughter Molly, wife of a naval man is home from the East with a new baby. What's that make you, Dick?

Blaming the printer and his errors is a useful thing. But a printer isn't as mild as he's supposed to be or are his errors as frequent. When we found an *e* in Al Ferris' name, which made him *Ferries* on page 4 of the May issue, the printer took the blame like a lamb. But when we found that Tommy Young, Burner, had turned out to be *Jimmy* on Page 16, said printer rose up in his wrath and called the Editor an absent-minded beggar! Sorry, boys!

Tom Howarth, Public Relations Officer for Burrard, who so successfully put over the Navy League Treasure Chest Drive in British Columbia, has been loaned to the Ontario Branch of the Navy League of Canada to conduct a money-raising campaign along the same lines for Ontario. He left for Toronto last week to the tune of the Wallace Pipe Band, bearing with him a handsome club bag, the gift of the Pipers. You show 'em how the West did it, Tom!

Yards

Another Victory Ship recently built, launched, outfitted at Burrard, triumphantly returning from her Trials without a moan. She's probably doing her stuff now in a convoy lane somewhere in the Atlantic or the Pacific, her crew secure in the knowledge that she's Burrard-built and can stand the gaff if any ship can.



Boys and girls of Burrard! Have you some entertaining tricks up your sleeve? Can you play an instrument, sing, dance, do sleight-of-hand tricks or anything else that will entertain our boys of the Merchant Marine? Or do you know someone who can perform well? Then see any of the members of the Programme Committee of the Women's Auxiliary to the Seamen's Club. Here are their names:

Mrs. Mabel Inkster, Chairman, Burrard South, Miss Pearl Smith, N.V.S.R., Miss Evelyn Pulsifer, West Coast, Miss Ada Knowles, North Burrard, Mrs. Elsie Stanesbury, La Pointe.



Meet Rowdy, Tinky, Peter and Harry Hough . . . all pals. Harry, La Pointe Welder Chargehand, took Rowdy in a couple of years ago when she was just a pup. Just about the time she grew up, Tinky strayed in and Rowdy, believing one good turn deserves another, took care of her and mothered her until she grew up. Then along came Peter, just a scared baby rabbit chased into the back yard off a neighboring vacant lot, and Tinky passed on the good deed by mothering him until he grew up. Now they all play and sleep and live together in perfect harmony. Confidence, Harry says, is the key to the whole happy situation.

Bill Fullmer, North Yard Sheet Metal, has left to join the Merchant Marine and sign on with one of his own Burrard built ships. "It's bound to be good if I helped build her," laughed Bill. But all laughing aside, here's a letter in part, that Bill had from a pal of his, Bob Lundie, who's already made a trip in that ship. It came from Africa and says "the more I see of this place the more I wish I was home—no fooling. But I can say this, they sure make a good job of ships at Burrard. This one's steady as a church and hardly rolled at all in 12,000 miles. We sure enjoyed our trip, thanks to the boys at Burrard."

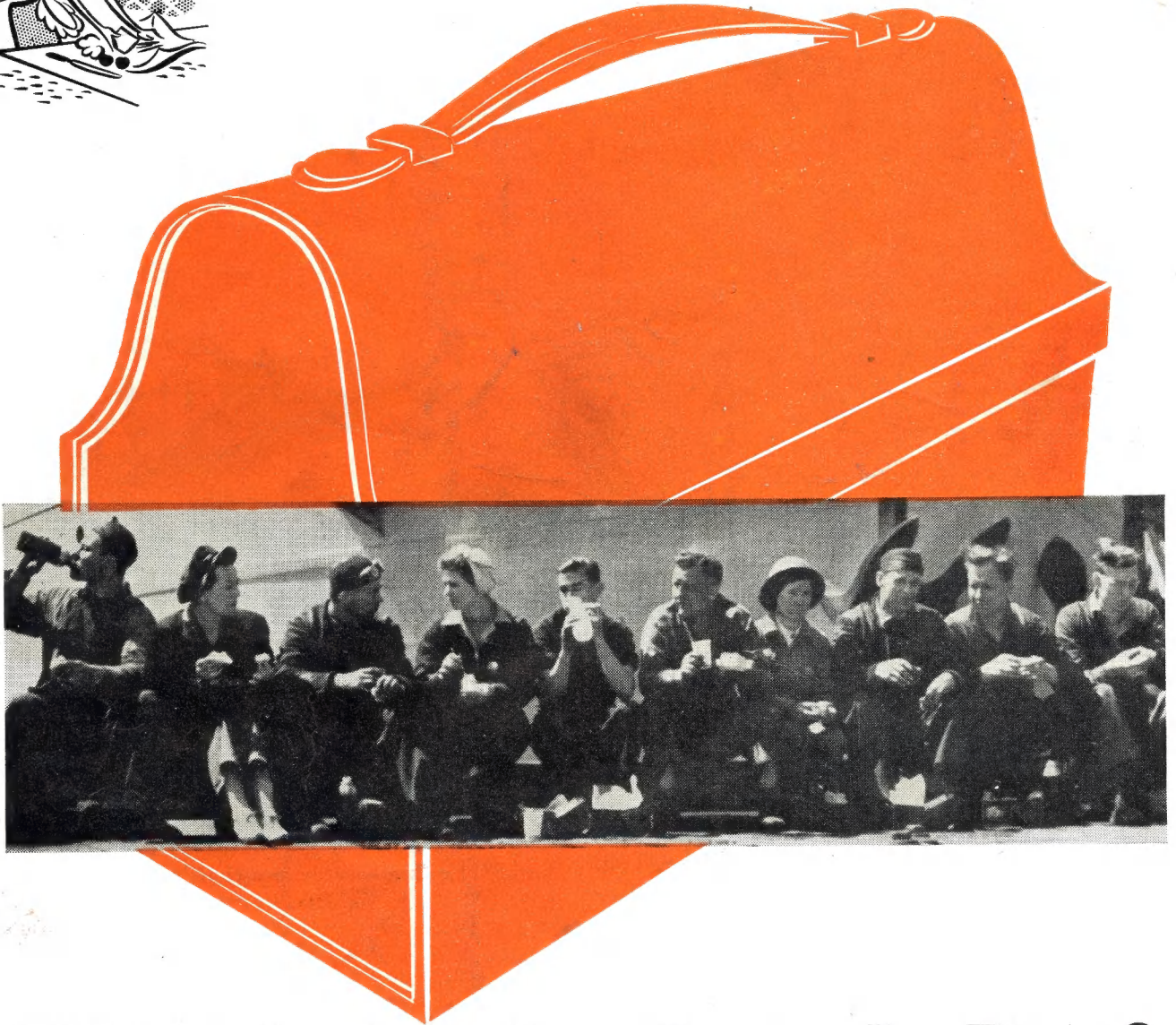
If you should hear the dulcet strains of *Ave Maria* or *My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice* rising above the racket of the hulls, you'll know Purcell Hardman is back in the North Yard. Purce, a member of the Paint Department, has been at the South Yard and La Pointe for some time.

George Sims, No. 2 Plate Shop Burner at South Burrard was married on April 15 to Betty Bain. The Burners presented them with a glass and silver rose bowl mounted on a very beautiful coffee table. Alex Burns, Foreman, made the presentation.

Kay Young, Electrician's Helper, South Yard, was married on June 2 to Bill Hainsworth, a Yukon boy who is in the Navy. The Electrical Department gave Kay a beautiful gift.

WALLACE SHIPBUILDER

DOROTHY BELL - EDITOR
MONA CLARK - Associate Editor
JACK CASH - Staff Photographer
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What's in the Lunch Box?

Whoops! There goes the whistle! Let's eat! And Burrard downs tools, grabs the lunch bucket, settles down on the sunny side of shop or ship and delves in! Now it all depends what's under the lid of that lunch bucket, whether the guy who eats, just satisfies his hunger or whether he stacks up the health, energy and efficiency he needs for his job. These needs are covered in three food groups. Eat one from each group and you'll have the works!

1. *Meat, fish or eggs.*
2. *A green vegetable, a tomato, fruit juice or raw fruit.*
3. *Canada-approved bread and butter or a dessert.*

And milk always if you can take it. Cheese if you can't. If you don't like either, how about a soup, beverage or pudding made with milk? For the best pick-up of all, they say, is milk.